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Written for the *Shelburne Gazette*
GOING TO THE COUNTRY.
BY **PELEG SMOOKS.**

"O holy ark! away
Of that mysterious cove which bears its bend
To ward the young soul from the clasp of hell,
Fragrant beginning of a night's end,—
Angels in wings—what human care must tread
Toil they can treat the world's rough path alone
Nere Smooks and I live in a quiet way
A quiet street in the great city of New York
Our first earthly care is about the baby's

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the ascent was treated to hail Columbia with variations." "The day dawned with exceeding beauty. What a delightful view presented itself to me as I looked out of the window from the second story of that hospitable mansion on the beautiful lawn intersected by gravel walks and paths, and along the broad avenue that radiated from the point at which I was sitting down the hill, lined as they were with noble and beautiful trees.—These present beautiful vistas arched in by the extending limbs meeting in thick foliage overhead. The dew drop sparkled from every blade of grass while the little birds sang their morning songs from the tops of their apple trees. The birds of the season are unusually numerous and tame. They are constantly hovering about from tree to tree. They have no fear of men, and here they have nothing to fear. Our hostess though a great-grandmother, has all the elasticity of a girl of sixteen (and rather more than the usual age), loves to feed these native songsters with crumbs, and other things they can appreciate, and this no doubt brings to us more than our share of the feathered tribe. I could not help but think how privileged are those who can so delight in the country surrounded by rural beauties. I might have said for some time, as seemed as though I would be a better man for living here, but this was a delusion, for we are always beat where a wise over-riding Providence places us. Still it does one good to get out among the curious and endless varieties that are to be seen in nature, and to be able to say, "I have been here."

The great event of the day was a Balloon Ascension. In the morning I went down to the large open space where the great bag of yellow silk was being inflated with gas. The gas was manufactured on the spot and let into the balloon, as it was produced.—The ascension was appointed for 3 o'clock and I was the first to see the hot air balloon collected to see the man go up. It was a matter of no little curiosity to me to wander through the crowd as it passed earnestly forward. Some were on foot, some in carriages—the latter of almost every model and of almost as usual an excellent one.

A considerable portion of the crowd were women and children, with a respectable sprinkling of men.

"What or trees—which are you sowing?" "Fanny, dear, in the mind of this little fellow," said Uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard, "I am sowing no berries, but on his fourth summer, upon my knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered about his snowy tresses. I—"

"What I trust, Uncle Lincoln," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mortal enemy."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said, "I am his mother."

It was Mrs. Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage and removal to a city some hundred miles away from her old home.

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of seed she held in her hand. The enemy sows tares with wheat quite as much as she sows wheat with tares. And—more than that, not only watch his fields by night and day but also the repositories of his ground, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat, upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking to her little boy, about ten minutes afterwards, "don't pick any work basket; stop, I say you little fellow."

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the pieces of cotton, scissors, emery, cushion &c., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee and his complexion was ruddy. He had gathered up the contents of the work basket, which she now placed on the shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in moral resentment, saying—

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milk maid to see the farmer there." "Fanny!" said Uncle Lincoln inquired as he looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gently.

"Tares," said Uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"The tarses of disobedience, Fanny.— You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. Nothing will choke out this seedling. The seedling will grow. You also took root on the newly broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tarses of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! What are you thinking about?" said Mrs. Hovey, with a surprised expression.

"Did you not say that you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did not."

"That's all right," said Uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but slight account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow up to set small value on his word?"

"He treats his mother too seriously, Uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him what is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It was only in sport," said Fanny persistently.

But, in sport, with sharp-edged intent,

ships on the Ocean. The cold as he arose became very intense, the thermometer falling below zero. The change in the morning was so rapid, and so different, that it was so great that he found it difficult at one time to keep from sleeping. His descent was so well conducted and so slow that there was no violence to the plates. He landed on Long Island at a place called New Utrecht, about 30 or 35 miles from here, at half past five o'clock, having been up about two hours. The people of the village noticed his approach over their heads, and assembled to see him. He was led in the middle of the street, in front of a dwelling; with their assistance he soon had his balloon and all its appurtenances secured and packed ready to be conveyed to the rail road station six miles off.

Some very indifferent fire-works in the evening, completed the exercise of the day. The communication from this place with New York City, 156 miles distant, is frequent by railway, there is also a boat

Since I began this life I have had occasion to return to the city on business, and on my way back I have met my former captain in the steamboat. The captain is a personal friend of many years standing and is a whole hearted man and one of the very best of captains, always attentive to the needs of his crew.

As we drew near our destination, the afternoon brightened into one of rare beauty. The popples were playing round the boat in large numbers, and in their gambols would come a white bird, again and again, to their own great delight, and to the no small amusement of all the children on board. The quiet steady tow, as we approached, seemed slumbering among the trees, and the white sails of the boats were as smooth as the polished surface of a mirror; glistened in the slanting beams of the declining sun. It was a scene long to be remembered, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This afternoon we have been taking a ride. We had with us our excellent and

more than forty years—"an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile," the greatest charge against whom, that can be made is, that he incurs the denunciation pronounced in Lev. VI. 35: "Who unto you who say, We will speak well of you"—and curd less beloved hostess of who in a more active way is doing good to all with whom she comes in contact—and the baby of course. "The milkman has not carried me off yet." "Willie?" "The milkman has not carried me off yet."

"There was a warning in Willie's face and voice."

"You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window."

"Willie?" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that?" and the young rebel drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic breast-pin, which had positively been forbidden to touch.

[illegible]

new one is in process of erection by its side.

As we returned, the words of the great christian poet seemed best to express my feelings—

"God made the country, and man made the town; that wretched, that, that binds and vices, give That can alone make heaven the bitter draught. The life here but the end in all—should none should, And least be threatened to the souls and groans."

fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the hode of the death-out of which Long, hodie

We take the following from a letter if the New York Herald:

"SARAH CRY, June 19, 1839.
Imagine a perfectly serene, innocent,
and unassuming female, who has been
with a feeble outcry be delivered, it were
not for the dust she was stirring
to the earth in all its pride of its
mortal temptation."

Self Lake & Co.—Its Approaches.

650. We refer to the tract of the Hindustan
The Washington Union recently pub-
lished the assertion made in several respec-
tively, "sink into silence like a tavern brawl."
—Eclestical Herald.

[illegible]

ores of land. The city has fifteen streets in one direction, and eighteen in the other; they are unpaved, and much trampled during wet weather and very muddy. The soil of the city gradually slopes from the north to the south, and in the latter direction there is a fresh stream of water running down the sides of every street lying north and south; water from these streams is conveyed into almost every garden in the city, for irrigating purposes. Cotton-wood and alfalfa are raised.

Small foot bridges have been built over the streams where they intersect the sidewalks. The town is very sparsely covered with houses; in the major part, there are only one or two houses on a block, and it will be remembered that the blocks are very large. The houses are built

the ten acres being city and gardens and fields. Thus the city at present contains numerous small fields of wheat and some very fine gardens. The houses are all built on the sun-dried brick; they are about five inches wide when new and are of a superior quality; they are made of a better quality of clay for building purposes, and seem to form very substantial structures. The

and though, with an individual house, it is not very agreeable, yet it gives to the town an ensemble of the city a very lively and pleasant appearance. The houses are thick near the river, and comfortable; they are generally low, of the most modest structure, lying on a plain to architectural beauty; their style is varied, but not remarkably so. Probably no other city in the world of this size presents to the eye

prospect; the exact space it occupies, the
 petals and leaves were in a jewel of rippling
 green, whose glaucous bright and silver
 sunlight, their breadth and regularity, the
 growth of young verdant trees that border ap-
 proach on them, the lively color of the houses the
 beautiful garden and orchards, with the
 green of the fields, the blue of the sky, the
 wheat, give to it an aspect singularly at-
 tractive, especially when it is contrasted with
 the

War, and to communicate them also to a
 friend of the Nicaraguan cause residing in
 New Orleans.

Worth Telling:
 Mrs. Polly Beaman, of Birmingham,
 Connecticut, the wife of her hus-
 band, Tracy Beaman, died a short time
 since; he was two years the senior of his
 wife. They had lived in the same fam-

This city, so beautiful, isolated from the rest of the world, at present so full of interest to the world, with its pleasant orchards and gardens, is the work of but ten years; and the barren waste, with its stunted and spontaneous vegetation, together with the desolation. There were about 10,000 inhabitants in the city before it was depopulated by order of Brigham.

Fraser River—Gregg A. Hemsley
Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State under Mr. James K. Polk. Those who remember the election of Polk to the Presidency in 1845 will recall also the "platform" of the Democracy that year, which declares our title to "the whole of Oregon" to be clear and unquestioned. The "whole of Oregon" was then a vast and waste land, a "flowery" and fertile land amounting to 7,724 years; so that if this family had followed each other consecutively, they would have been in Oregon for seventeen hundred summers at the day Adam woke up and ate forbidden fruit with his partner. Our Connecticut old lady intends to take a long journey next week before the Iron horse. She ought to have a free ticket.—(Littell's Current.)

By the treaty negotiated in that term, under the auspices of Mr. Polk and his Secretary of the State, Mr. Buchanan, our Government relinquished to Great Britain all the territory north of 49°, being a belt of the continent as wide as our own, and as clear and indisputable, nearly four hundred miles in parallel breadth, embracing

of Juan de Fuca, and a portion of the Pacific Coast most desirable for commercial and maritime interests; besides a large region of the interior of the continent, now regarded as suitable for settlement and cultivation. The title to the whole of the country was signed away with a scratch of the pen as recklessly as a spendthrift conveys his patrimony.

cabinet at that time, therefore who has since promulgated the "isothermal" theory in regard to the climate of the United States, and he is essentially tropical and dependent upon latitude. Under that theory of politics at that time, slavery in Oregon was out of the question, and the relinquishment of territory from which the slave trade was to be excluded was the slavery extirpation ticket. If the slavery remedy for bowel diseases. He therefore gives himself out as a doctor, and he tells himself off himself, speak *advisedly* on the subject: "Measure your berries and brims them to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, filtering off the dregs, and then add four gallons of water to the cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you

acquisition of New Mexico and California by conquest, its peaceful relinquishment of an "indisputable title" to the Northern Territory of Oregon; will stand in the future as record of the peace of slavery accomplished by the noble triumph that, given away, as well as in what was acquired. For California as well as New Mexico, was an expected and coveted field for the

The recent discovery of a flint girdle diggings on Fraser's River, in the British Possessions, and the rush of emigrants hither, even from the United States, has excited much interest to the geography of that country. — Fraser's River is between 49° and 50° of North latitude; it is within the limits of that memorable cession of territory declared to be null and void by the Supreme Court by right indisputable. Fraser's River, by

particularly for children, regulating their bowels and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread or on pluffies, instead of butter. Even water pills can be bought at less than half price than butter.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe acid them until the skin will slip off easily and sprinkle salt o-

the unwise and aristideiplomacy of James Buchanan when Secretary of State.

Who was there, reflecting upon the past, that really expected any war or serious disturbance of friendly relations with Great Britain from the present administration?

Question? Was not Mr. Buchanan, President, the same man who relinquished a territory of 400,000 square miles, or more, to the United States, and then, in the next

four hours, drain off the juice and fettle on boiling hot pickle, composed of 60 pounds of sugar to every quart of vinegar and to one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar. Drain off the liquid, scald it enough to put it on them again every two days for a week, and they will require no further care.

RECIPE FOR TOOTHACHE.—A little horseradish scraped and laid on the wrist of the hand.

South on the side of peace? The same South that was forward in its acquiescence in thecession of Oregon to Great Britain? True, there was pretentious swaggering about "our flag;" but had the clamor been speedy relief. A better way is to place a little scraped horseradish in the mouth of the tooth, or just around the gum. It relieves rheumatic pains in the gum and face also. The month may afterwards be rinsed with a little camphorated water, lukewarm

free, and you mulch it. **C**over a meadow with coarse straw, and you mulch it. **C**over the ground about your shrubbery with tall grass, and you mulch it. **C**over the garden with straw, and you mulch it. **C**over the pasture with the worn mulching in the forest. **C**overing of leaves that fall and decay each successive season is a mulch. **W**hat is the use of mulching? It prevents evaporation of water from the soil; it protects the roots of the plants from the cold; it keeps it light and moist during a drought; it keeps the earth warm. **W**e have seen whole orchards mulched with straw—particularly peach orchards. **S**now is mulch; it prevents freezing. **Y**ou know how bright and green the earth is when a deep snow disappears after a winter sun on it. **I**t is generally regarded as the most efficacious advantage of snow. **I**t retains the heat in the earth, confining as well as feeding ammonia. **I**f you find it necessary to seed your orchard till grass you mulch. **I**t will pay you for the growth of the grass and the food of the bees. **W**e have seen a good crop of potatoes grow on unplowed meadow land, simply by being covered on the surface with heavy straw mulch. **B**oth heat and moisture were supplied; they had no other cultivation. —[**E**mercy Journal.]

Small Fruits.

It is useless to attempt the cultivation of any of the small fruits, without particular attention to the keeping of the ground around the stalks perfectly clean of grass, and other foreign vegetation. The raspberry and blackberry, especially, require a loose, light but rather moist soil, and this can be secured in almost every situation, by once or twice a year, and always in the spring carefully forking it over, turning the soil up side down, and applying a good mulching of straw or manure, and turning it over again. This application should be repeated whenever there is any trash, surplus grass, or anything else that can be converted into manure. There is nothing, perhaps equal to leaves, and these should be plentifully applied. In the autumn, when the fruit will ripen the soil loose and friable, and keep it in a fine moist state. The same thing may be said in reference to the cultivation of gooseberries and currants. We should like to see the person who has ever raised a good fruit, or either of the foregoing fruits, by neglecting these details. It may be said, that, merely from the want of knowledge of what a goods crop is.—*Germanator*

CANDLE WICKS.—The wicks of tallow candles that require no snuffing, are made in the following manner:—Take a piece of wire, first impregnated with subnitrate of bisulphur ground dry to oil, and the strand is bound round with this thread spirally. The several strands—one, two or three—are then spirally wound round a very thin wire, which is then drawn into the center of the mould, and the tallow is poured in: when cold the rod is withdrawn. On burning such candles, the wicks *discolor* and form a *conical superfluous flame*, while their ends, coming into contact with the air at the center of the flame, are consumed. Any plan, however, by which the wicks can be made to *shrink* during combustion, will obviate the necessity of using snuff: such wicks, however, are liable to make candles gutter, or, to use a common expression, "run."—*Ex.*

TO REMOVE SUNBURN.—Mix of almonds made thus: Take of blanched bitter almonds half an ounce, soak water half a pint; make an emulsion by beating the almonds and water together, strain through a muslin cloth and it is made.

PRESCRIBING EGGS.—I am convinced, from numerous experiments, that eggs may be better preserved in corn meal or bran than in anything else. Mrs. ———, the lady knitting in the other corner there, last fell put down some twenty dozen, small and down, and only two came out worse for reason. For the present sitting, some four months, they are "good as new." Salt does not do as well.—J. F. S., in *Country Gentleman*.